THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN,
Publishers and Proprietors.

TERMS.

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FROM THE LADIES' COMPANION.

The Old Deacon.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"She loved not wisely, but too well."

It was a balmy pleasant Sabbath morning; so green and tranquil was our valley home, that the very air seemed more holier than on other days. The dew was floating in a veil of soft mist from the meadows on School Hill, where the sunshine came warmly, while the wild-flowers in the valley lay in shadow, still heavy with the night rain. The trees which feathered the hill sides, were vividly green, and Castle Rock towered—a magnificent picture—its base washed by the water, and darkened by unbroken shadow, while a soft fleecy cloud, woven and impregnated with silvery light, floated among its topmost cliffs. The two villages lay upon their opposite hills, with the deep river gliding between, like miniature cities, deserted by the feet of men; not a sound arose to disturb the sweet music of nature, for it was the hour of morning prayer, and there was scarcely a hearthstone which at that time, was not made a domestic altar. At last a deep bell tone came sweeping over the valley from the Episcopal steeple, and was answered by a cheerful peal from the belfry of our new academy. The reverberations were still sounding, mellowed by the distant rocks, when the hitherto silent village seemed suddenly teeming with life. The dwelling houses were flung open, and the inhabitants came forth in smiling family groups, prepared for worship. Gradually they divided into separate parties. The Presbyterians walked slowly toward their huge old meeting-house, and the more gaily dressed Episcopalians seeking their more fashionable house of worship. It was a pleasant sight—those people, simple in their habits, yet stern, if not bigoted Sectarians, gathering together for so good a purpose. Old people were out—grandfathers and grandmothers, with the blossom of the grave on their aged temples. Children, with their rosy cheeks and sunny eyes, rendered more rosy and more bright with pride of their white frocks pretty straw bonnets, and pink wreaths. It was pleasant to see the little men and women striving in vain to subdue their bounding steps, and school their sparkling faces to a solemnity befitting the occasion. There, might be seen a newly married pair walking bashfully apart not daring to venture on the unprecedented boldness of linking arms in public, yet feeling very awkward, and almost envying another couple who led a little roguish girl between them. She—a mischievous little thing—all the time exerting her baby strength to wring that chubby hand from her mother's grasp—pouting her cherry lips when either of her scandalized parents checked her bounding step or too noisy prattle, and, at last, subdued only by intense admiration of her red morocco shoes, as they flashed in and out like a brace of woodlilies, beneath her spotted muslin dress.

Apart from the rest, and, perhaps, lingering along the green sward which grew rich and thick on either side of the high way, another group perchance, was gathered. Young girls, schoolmates and friends, with their heads bending together, and smiles dimpling their fresh lips, at doubtless conversing about sacred themes befitting the day.

Such was the aspect of our village on the Sabbath, when the subject of this little sketch takes us to the old Presbyterian meeting house on School Hill, a sombre, ancient pile, already familiar to those of our readers who have read the "Home Sketches" preceding this.

Our academy bell had not ceased ringing, when the congregation came slowly in through the different doors of the meeting-house, and arranged themselves at will in the square pews which crowded the body. The minister had not yet arrived a circumstance which occurred to none of the congregation as somewhat singular. Twenty years he had been their pastor, and during that time, he never once kept his congregation waiting. At length he appeared at the southern entrance, and walked up the aisle, followed by his grey-headed old deacon. The minister paused at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and with a look of deep and respectful reverence, held the door of the "Deacon's Seat," while the old man passed in. That little attention went to the deacon's heart; he raised his heavy eyes to the pastor with a meek and heart-touching expression of gratitude, that softened many who looked upon it, even to tears. The minister turned away and went up the stairs, not in his usual sedate manner, but hurriedly, and with unsteady footsteps. When he arrived in the pulpit, those who sat in the gallery saw him fall upon his knees, bury his face in his hands, and pray earnestly, and, it might be, weep, for when he arose, his eyes were dim and flushed.

Directly after the entrance of the minister and deacon, came two females, one a tall, spare woman, with thin features, very pale, and bespeaking continued but meekly endured suffering. There was a beautiful and Quaker-like simplicity in the book muslin 'kerchief folded over the bosom of her black silk dress, with the corners drawn under the band strings in front, and pinned smoothly to the dress behind. Her grey hair was parted neatly under the black straw bonnet, and those who knew her, remarked that it had gained much of its silver since she had last entered that door. In her arms the matron bore a rosy infant, robed in a long white frock, and an embroidered cap. A faint color broke into her sallow cheek, for though she did not look up, it seemed to her as if every eye in that assembly was turned upon her burthen. They were all her neighbors, many of them kind and truthful friends, who had knelt at the same communion table with her for years. Yet she could not meet their eyes, nor force that tinge of shame from her pure cheek, but moved humbly forward, weighed to the dust with a sense of humiliation and suffering. A slight, fair creature walked by her side, partly shrinking behind her all the way, pale and drooping like a crushed lily. It was the deacon's daughter, and the babe was hers; but she was unmarried. A black dress and plain white vandyke supplanted the muslin, that in the days of her innocence, had harmonized so sweetly with her pure complexion. The close straw bonnet was the same, but its trimming of pale blue was displaced by a white satin riband, while the rich and abundant brown curls that had formerly drooped over her neck were gathered up, and parted plainly over her forehead. One look she cast upon the congregation, then her eyes fell, the long lashes drooped to her burning cheek, and with a downcast brow she followed her mother to a seat, but not that one occupied by the old deacon. There was a slight bustle when she entered, and many eyes were bent on her, a few from curiosity, more from an impulse of commisseration. She sat motionless in a corner of the pew, her head drooping forward, and her eyes fixed on the small hands that lay clasped in her lap. After the little party was settled, a stillness crept over the house; you might have heard a pin drop, or the rustle of a silk dress, to the extremity of that large room. All at once there arose a noise at the door opposite the pulpit; it was but a foot step ringing on the threshold stone, and yet the people turned their heads and looked startled, as if something uncommon were about to happen. It was only a handsome, bold looking young man, who walked up the aisle with a haughty step, and entered a pew on the opposite side from that occupied by the mother and daughter, and somewhat nearer the pulpit. A battery of glances was levelled on him from the galleries, but he looked carelessly up, and even smiled when a young girl by whom he seated himself, drew back with a look of indignation to the furthest corner of the pew. The old deacon looked up as those bold foot-steps broke the stillness, his thin cheek and lips became deadly white, he grasped the railing convulsively, half rose, and then fell forward with his face on his hands, and remained motionless as before. Well might the wronged old man yield, for a moment, to the infirmities of human nature, even in the house of God. That bold man who thus audaciously intruded into his presence, had crept like a serpent to his hearthstone—had made his honest name a by-word, and his daughter, the child of his old age, a creature for men to bandy jests about. But for him, that girl, now shrinking from the gaze of her own friends, would have remained the pride of his home, a ewe lamb in the church of God. Through him she had fallen from the high place of her religious trust, and now, in the fulness of her penitence, she had come forward to confess her fault, and receive forgiveness of the church it had disgraced.

The old deacon had lost his children one by one, 'till this gentle girl was alone left to him; he had folded a love for her, his latest born, in his innermost heart, 'till all unconsciously she had become to it an idol. The old man thought it was to punish him that God had permitted her to sink into temptation; he said so, beseechingly, to the elders of the church, when, at her request, he called them together, and made known her disgrace. He tried to take some of the blame upon himself; said that he had, perhaps, been less indulgent than he should have been, and so her affections had been more easily won from her home and duty—that he feared he had been a proud man—spiritually proud, but now he was more humble, and if his Heavenly Father had allowed these things in order to chasten him, the end had been obtained; he was a stricken old man, but could say, "Thy will of God be done." Therefore, he besought his brethren not to cast her forth to disgrace, but to accept her confession of error and repentance; to be merciful, and receive her back to the church. He went on to say how humbly she had crept to his feet, and prayed him to forgive her; how his wife had spent night after night in prayer for her fallen child, and so he left her in their hands, only entreating that they would deal mercifully by her, and he would bless them for it.

Willingly would the sympathizing elders have received the stray lamb again, without further humiliation to the broken hearted old man; but it could not be. The ungodly were willing to visit the sins of individuals on a whole community. The purity of their church must be preserved—the penance exacted.

From the time of that church meeting, the poor father bent himself earnestly to the strengthening of his child's good purposes. He made no complaint, and strove to appear—nay, to be—resigned and cheerful; he still continued to perform the offices of deacon, though the erect gait and somewhat dignified consciousness of worth that formerly distinguished them, had utterly disappeared. On each succeeding Sabbath, his brethren observed some new prostration of strength. Day by day his cheek grew thin—his voice hollow, and his step more and more feeble. It was a piteous sight—a man who had been remarkable for bearing his years so bravely, moving through the aisles of that old meeting house with down cast eyes, and shoulders stooping as beneath a burthen. At last the mildew of grief began to wither up the memory of that good man. When the first indications of this appeared, the hearts of his brethren yearned toward the poor deacon with a united feeling of deep commisseration. The day of Julia's humiliation had been appointed, and the Sabbath which preceded it, was a sacramental one. The old deacon was getting very decrepit, and his friends would have persuaded him from performing the duties of the day. He shook his head, remarked that they were very kind, but he was not ill, so they let him bear about the silver cup filled with consecrated wine, as he had done for twenty years before, though many an eye filled with tears as it marked the continued trembling of that hand, which more than once caused the cup to shake, and the wine to run down its sides to the floor. There was an absence upon his face when he came to his daughter's seat. On finding it empty he stood bewildered, and looked helplessly around upon the congregation, as if he would have inquired why she was not there. Suddenly he seemed to recollect; a mortal paleness overspread his face. The wine cup dropped from his hand, and he was led away, crying, like a child.

Many of his brethren visited the afflicted man during the next week. They always found him in his orchard, wandering about under the heavy boughs and picking up the withered green apples which the worms had eaten away from their unripe stems. These he diligently hoarded away near a large sweet briar bush which grew in a corner of the rail fence. On the next Sabbath he appeared in the meeting house, accompanied by the minister as we have described, to be outraged in the very house of God by the presence of the man who had desolated his home. It is little wonder, that even there, his just wrath was, for a moment, kindled. The service began, and that erring girl listened to it as one in a dream. Her heart seemed in a painful sleep; but when the minister closed his bible, and sat down, the stillness made her start. A keen sense of her position came over her. She cast a frightened look on the pulpit, and then sunk back pale and nervous, her trembling hand wandering in search of her mother's. The old lady looked on her with fond grief, whispered soothing words, and tenderly impressed the little hand that so imploringly besought her pity. Still the poor girl trembled, and shrunk in her seat as if she would have crept away from every human eye.

The minister arose, his face looked calm, but the paper which contained the young girl's confession, shook violently in his hands as he unrolled it. Julia knew that it was her duty to arise. She put forth her hand, grasped the carved work of the seat, and stood upright 'till the reading was finished, staring, all the time, wildly, in the pastor's face, as if she wondered what it could all be about. She sat down again, pressed a hand over her eyes, and seemed asking God to give her more strength.

The minister descended from the pulpit, for there was yet to be another ceremony; a baptism of the infant. That gentle, erring girl was to go up alone with the child of her shame, that it might be dedicated to God before the congregation. She arose with touching calmness, took the babe from the mother's arms, and stepped into the aisle. She wavered at first, and a keener sense of shame dyed her face, neck, and very hands, with a painful flush of crimson, but as she passed the pew where young Lee was sitting, an expression of proud anguish came to her face, her eyes filled with tears, and she walked steadily forward to the communion table, in front of her father's seat. There was not a tearless eye in that whole congregation. Aged, stern men bowed their heads to conceal the sympathy betrayed there. Young girls—careless, light hearted creatures, who, never dreaming of the frailty of their own natures, had reviled the fallen girl, now wept and sobbed to see her thus publicly humbled. Young Lee became powerfully agitated; his breast heaved, his face flushed hotly, then turned very pale, and at last he started up, flung open the pew door, and hurried up the aisle with a disordered and unequal step.

"What name!" inquired the pastor, bending toward the young mother, as he took the child from her arms.

Before she had time to speak, Lee stood by her side, and answered in a loud, steady voice, "That of his father—James Lee!"

The trembling of that poor girl's frame was visible through the whole house, her hand dropped on the table, and she leaned heavily on it for support, but did not look up. The minister dipped his hand in the antique China bowl, laid it upon the babe's forehead, and, in a clear voice, pronounced the name. A faint cry broke from the child as the cold drops fell on his face. The sound seemed to arouse all the hitherto unknown and mysterious feelings of paternity slumbering in the young father's heart. His eye kindled, his cheek glowed, and impulsively he extended his arms and received the infant. His broad chest heaved beneath its tiny form, and his eyes seemed fascinated by the deep blue orbs which the little creature raised smilingly and full of wonder to his face. Lee bore his son down the aisle, laid him gently in his astonished grandmother's lap, and returned to the point again. Julia had moved a little, and overcome with agitation, leaned heavily against the railing of the pulpit stairs. Lee bent his head, and whispered a few earnest words, and held forth his hand. She stood for a moment, like one bewildered—gave a doubtful, troubled look into his eyes, and laid her hand in his. He drew her gently to the table, and in a firm, respectful voice, requested the minister to commence the marriage service.

The pastor looked puzzled and irresolute. The whole proceeding was so unexpected and strange, that even he lost all presence of mind. "A publishment is necessary to our laws," he said, at length, casting a look on the deacon, but the old man remained motionless, with his hands, clasped over the railing, and his face bowed upon them. Thinking him too much agitated to speak, and uncertain of his duty, the divine lifted his voice and demanded if any one present had aught to say against a marriage between the two persons standing before him.

Every face in that church was turned on the deacon, but he remained silent and motionless, so the challenge was unanswered, and the minister felt compelled to proceed with the ceremony, for he remembered what was, at first, forgotten, that the pair had been published according to law, months before, when Lee had, without given reason refused to fulfil the contract.

The brief, but impressive ceremony, was soon over, and with an expression of more true happiness than had ever been witnessed on his fine features before Lee conducted his wife to her mother, and placed himself respectfully by her side. The poor bride was scarcely seated, when she buried her face in her handkerchief, and burst into a passion of tears, which seemed as if it would never be checked. The congregation went out. The young people gathered about the doors, talking over the late strange scene, while a few members lingered behind to speak with the deacon's wife before they left the church. Lee and his companion stood in their pew, looking anxiously toward the old man. There was something unnatural in his motionless position, which sent a thrill through the matron's heart, and chained her to the floor, as if she had suddenly turned to marble. The minister came down the pulpit stairs, and advancing to the old man, laid his hand kindly upon the withered fingers clasped over the railing; he turned pale—for the hand which he touched was cold and stiffened in death. The old man was feeble with grief, and when young Lee appeared before him, his heart broke amid the rush of its strong feelings.

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"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

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A TALE OF THE SEA.

The following thrilling sketch is by the author of "Nelsonian Reminiscences:"

"The frigate had many supernumerary midshipmen, and the fate of one of them was so peculiar tragic, that I trust my reader's patience will follow me through the detail of what happened 'Long, long ago.' This young gentleman had come on the prospect of being provided for by the yellow fever (a strong auxiliary of the Admiralty in silencing importunate claimants,) or promotion. He got the latter by hard service and good conduct, and appointed to command the Hercules' tender, a schooner that carried more sail than ballast. One morning at the east end of Jamaica, she was surprised by that curious phenomenon a water spout, that threw her completely over, and the schooner disappeared, leaving the commander, eight men, and her boat, that fortunately had not been lashed, floating on a calm unruffled sea. The commotion occasioned by the whirlwind having subsided—"Right the boat, men, quickly, for your lives; the sharks, the horrid sharks, will be upon us."

The boat was floating bottom upwards. And eager hands and shoulders succeeded in righting her, but in such a hurried way, as to be nearly full of water, and in consequence very tender, (that is, easily upset.) The lightest and most active lad was now ordered by the commander to get into the boat, and commence bailing with his cap. The only thing available among these unfortunates, he having raised him with one hand for the purpose, the youth, with convulsive shuddering, uttering the dreadful word "Shark, shark!" fell down on the gunwale, and again the boat turned bottom upwards. The splash and desperate efforts, of the crew, for they worked as despairing men of strong sinews, will work to escape the dreadful fate so closely impending, in some measure scared and altered the direct attack of the monster, who swerved, and swept in circles 'round the hapless beings, showing his hateful fin high above the troubled waters—before so placid. "Shout loudly, men," cried the officer, "and bail away lad, without looking at the shark," (who kept narrowing his circles as he swiftly passed around them,) "God is able to deliver us, even in this great extremity; avoid getting into the boat until she is more buoyant, but splash the water about with all the noise you can make."

A violent rush, a terific scream of agony, and a disappearance of one of the stout seamen, followed by a crimson tinge on the waters attested the voracity of this scourge of the sea. "He will gorge himself on poor Tom," said the commander, inexpressibly shocked, "and we are freed if the blood," (here he checked his disclosure, for he well knew that the scent of blood would draw myriads around them.) "Lift Jack carefully in too; bail with your hands, Jack—quickly, quickly; for I see their dreadful fins appearing all around—oh! God of mercy shield us."

Another rush, and piercing shrieks curdled their blood, as the fish with difficulty drew an herculean, well-formed man beneath the surface. All was now wild commotion; caution and order had given place to paralizing fear, and each man grasped madly at the boat; but providentially for those in her, the ravenous monsters carried off in their jaws, every floating man, before he could upset the boat, in his mad efforts to save himself from the horrible death in view. The violent struggles of the monsters for the prey, when two of them seized the same person; the imprecations and oft times prayers of those in the boat, which floated in a sea of blood, as they attempted, by stretching their hands, to save their sinking shipmates, who, with starting eye balls and wild gestures cried to them for succour;—the scene is too dreadful for her to contemplate, or fully attempt to portray; the dread reality is often endured by those "who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters."

The wretched youth in command was, by the exertions of the lads in the boat, extricated from the jaws of two ravenous monsters, each of whom had seized and carried off a leg, and the bleeding trunk of the youth was hauled into the boat, to undergo a more languishing death from the loss of blood. The poor boys, nearly dead with fear and apprehension, did their best to stop the bleeding by passing the rope-yarns around the stumps, which were greatly shattered and jagged, by the teeth of the monsters, who had apparently splintered the thigh bone up to the hips. Heavy groans attested the sufferings of the helpless youth, but they got fainter and fainter, as he extended his hand towards the island with an imploring look of anguish, till welcome death relieved him from his intolerable misery.

The death of their commander, under such shocking circumstances, left the youths, (for they were but striplings,) in comparative quietude. With heads bowed upon their knees, and hearts paralyzed with fear, and nearly broken from the distressing scenes they had witnessed, afraid to look each other in the face, where ghastly despair sat enthroned, they shuddered at every shock the boat sustained from the ravenous fish jostling and crossing her in all directions, being attracted by the taint of blood issueing from the ill fated commander. "The devils will be in the boat or upset her if we do not throw the body to them; lend me a hand, Tom," and overboard went the useless trunk of a formerly good looking youth, but a few hours since loving and beloved. Most true, that "in the midst of life we are in death." The disappearance of a host of fins, diving for the body, gave breathing time to the lads, who threw a despairing gaze on the wide and open sea; the boom of the blue mountains seen in the distance, alone soothed their inquietude, but they were devoid of any means of reaching it; no oars, no sails, and the worst of all the negatives, no fresh water. But they dipped their upper garments alongside, and placed them on their fevered bodies, by which they absorbed moisture sufficient to keep them from maddening with thirst. One of our numerous cruisers fortunately took them on board—more fortunate than the Go-along's gig, who with the captain and crew, have never yet been heard of, though it happened long, long ago, as detailed in my Nelsonian Reminiscences."

"PUSH."

"Man still is man, and those who boldly dare,
Shall triumph over the sons of cold despair."

Riding the other day in a stage coach, all alone with an Irish gentleman, we became quite sociable, and he gave me this account of his life:

"When twenty years of age I was at school learning surveying and navigation. 'And do you mean to travel?' said my master. 'What think you of America?' said I: for we were then in Dungannon, county of Tyrone, Ireland. 'America,' repeated he, 'is a growing country—go, John, and behave yourself as becomes a true Irishman, and you may eat white bread in your old age, and drink good sherry.' At a little more than 21 I sailed from Cork, in the good ship Queen Dido, and landed in 57 days at New Castle. I hied me up to the city in a trice, and wandered through the streets a stranger for two days, when on the third, who should I happen to meet but Ned McClosky, an old townsman. 'By gracious!' said he, 'if this isn' our old friend John Varnham! When did you come? In what ship, honey? How were all at home? Why your cheeks look red as a potatoe, man. You'll grow white in this country, boy, but (running on without waiting for an answer,) what's your motto?' 'What's my motto?' inquired I, 'what is that?' 'A short bit of a sentence to direct you in life—you'll have to take one. See,' continued he, touching a flask of whiskey he carried—'A short life and a merry one,' that's my motto. Good bye, John, I'll see you again,' (and away he flew, half seas over, bound for a short life, methought, whether for a merry or a sad one, was a matter of doubt.

Going up Chestnut street—thinks I, does every man take a motto on setting out in life? What shall I choose? A motto! Let me see—when upon an inner door, I saw in large letters—PUSH. 'That shall be my motto, said I—and on the impulse of the moment, my right hand was on the door. my foot over the threshold, I found myself in the middle of an office of some sort.—After pausing a moment, a genteel man stepped up and inquired my business. 'To tell the honest truth,' said I, 'none special with any one mortal man in particular, but I am an Irish lad, a perfect stranger, just come to America to seek my fortune.'—'Have you money?' said the gentleman.—'Nothing but five guineas, the gift of my angel mother,' said I, 'common learning, Irish honor, a heart to be grateful to any one who will put me in a way to be useful.' 'Why,' said the man, smiling, 'I like your frankness, and really will venture to trust something to that face. You can write, very well'—then copy that paper.' I did so, and found myself in a snug berth, with plenty to do for an industrious man—plenty to eat and drink for a temperate man—and satisfactory compensation for a reasonable man.

My employer was a scrivener, and sometimes dealt in the purchase of real estate on speculation. Hearing him deliberating, one day, doubtfully about a purchase, 'Push' whispered my good genius. 'It cannot fail, sir,' said I, 'and if I might be permitted, I would gladly take half the bargain. 'On your luck and judgment, John, we'll venture.' We bought the property, aided by a loan, and in ninety days realized a thousand pounds. I was now two and twenty; the bloom of my cheek had the freshness of youth and health; a pit or two of the small pox did not mar my good looks—my hair twisted about my forehead in clusters of curls, which, though I seemed careless about them, were matters of some little vanity, and I did not like to part with them; my skin under my sleeve was white as snow, and, except that I was a little bow kneed, you would not find a properer person in a summer's day. 'Did you ever know an Irishman that had not a warm heart towards the ladies?' 'Not often,' said I. 'My good fortune,' continued he, 'in several bargains, began to be rumored around; and as I went constantly to church with my master, several damsels looked kindly on me; one more especially, the daughter of a wealthy merchant over the way, and her brow it seemed to me relaxed from the prudish severity of an heiress, when her eye met mine. *Push*, said my good genius. 'And blessings on you my sweet damsel,' said I, half whispering as I took an opportunity to pass by her side, half a square on her way home from meeting one afternoon. 'And church is doubly pleasant when you and the like of you, attend morning and evening: no offence in saying so, I hope, charming lady.' 'Me, sir,' replied she, but not very invitingly nor angrily. *Push*, said my good genius, for my heart faultered a little. 'Who else but your bonny self, miss,' continued I, 'for that speaking eye and tell-tale lip—say that it is your mother's daughter who has a kind heart and gentle affection—and' —— 'Fie, Mr. Varnham,' said she, for it seems she knew my name—'I am sorry if there's any thing in my countenance so communicative as to warrant a gentleman who is almost a stranger, to address me in such a manner, and in such a place. No young woman should listen to that sort of address, certainly without a mother's leave.' And methought she half lingered instead of quickening her pace, to hear if I had any thing to reply. *Push*, said my good genius. 'In Ireland, dearest, said I, 'our fathers often make love going home from church, and if you would give me leave to ask your mother's approbation' —— here I stammered in spite of my motto. 'O, as to that,' said the smiling girl, 'you may say any thing to my mother you please.'

The same evening, returning from bathing in the Delaware, for the day had been sultry, a sudden bustle and cry of distress, arrested my attention in, at that hour, an unfrequented place. The cry of a fellow man in trouble is always, you know, a command for a true Irishman to *Push*. My cane was my shellalah; one villain reeled in an instant with a broken head, and the other, though twice my size, sunk beneath an arm that was nerved by humanity and duty. Assistance soon gathered, and on placing my prisoner in the hands of an officer, who should he bleeding before me but the honored father of ——' 'Hah your sweetheart—the pretty damsel you had half courted coming from meeting?' 'The very same—I took him home, where he introduced me as the savior of his life from robbers and murderers. In less time than a ship could sail to Cork and home again, I was Junior partner in the wholesale store, and the loveliest girl that has lived for a thousand years blessed me with her heart and hand. Thank God I have been prosperous in my basket and store. Our children are a blessing to us, as I hope they will be an honor to their country, and we have enough for them and ourselves, and somewhat for the poor."

> The stars that guide the wanderer right,
> Are virtue fair and honor bright.
> Be temperate, steady, just and kind,
> Then push, and fortune you shall find.

So far as the story is a long one, I pray you, Messrs. Printers, to remember it is an Irishman's story. So far as I have any thing to say, I preserve the character of yours to serve.—*Village Record.*

From the New York Olive Leaf.

FEMALE INFLUENCE.

Poets and sages have again and again, in lively numbers and grave essays, accorded to female influence and all controlling power in society, and we believe it is now a conceded point that woman, in her physical weakness, does more than man in regulating and giving tone to the moral sentiments of mankind. What a vast responsibility then must rest on the females of a nation, if the customs of social life depend upon them for their healthful influence and virtuous tendency! If they possess this influence, the responsibility cannot be shaken off, and we shall take the liberty of looking to the females of our land for the exercise of it in behalf of a cause intimately connected with the best interests of society. The destructive custom of drinking intoxicating liquors, has prevailed for many years throughout our country; all classes have followed it, and the suffering and misery, wretchedness and want, ruin of body and soul, which has resulted from this vice, is in amount far beyond the power of language to convey. To the females of our land we appeal for an aid in our efforts to destroy this ruinous custom.

In the parental relation, they are peculiarly fitted to advocate temperance principles in the domestic circle, where the endearments of affection give weight to maternal influence. The moral character is formed in childhood chiefly from the instructions received from the mother. Constantly in the society and under her charge from earliest infancy, the child learns to look to her alone for direction, advice and assistance; and the watchfulness and care, the unceasing anxiety to relieve every want and to avert every danger, creates in the child an unlimited confidence in the propriety of all that she says or does.

Impressions made in childhood from the teachings of the mother are more lasting than any of after years; her admonitions linger around the heart embodied in the affections, and remain in all their force while the pulsations of life continue. The impressions made in childhood are truly adamantine in their nature; for at the close of a long and eventful life, when age has impaired every other faculty of the mind, recollection will be busy over early scenes and early lessons, while the great and important changes in the troubled career of its active stages are faded and gone, without leaving a trace on the memory.

To the mother we say, you are deeply interested in the welfare of your children; you toil for their comfort while you live, and you leave your possession to them when you die. To enjoy their society, to make them respected in the world, and above all to make them happy, is your chief desire. Then to avoid the ruin of your hopes, be careful to inculcate on their minds the strictest principles of temperance and virtue, for it is from the youth of our land that recruits are taken to fill up the broken ranks in the army of drunkards. The many thousands who annually go down to a drunkard's grave, were once temperate, and once young and once innocent.

Possessing the power to influence the forming characters of your children, that they may grow up indoctrinated with the pure principles of temperance and virtue, you cannot neglect to exercise it, without displaying a want of affection unnatural to the parent. A neglect of duty on your part will oftentimes eventuate in the ruin of your children and the destruction of your own peace forever. Let all mothers become thorough advocates of temperance in the family circle, and the tide of drunkenness will roll back from our land; the plague will be stayed in all our borders, and the moral aspect of society will brighten as the glorious work goes on.

We learn from Washington that the young whigs of that city keep a nightly watch over the public buildings, in order to prevent those locofoco conflagrations that might so naturally happen about this time.